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Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1916

No. 2

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Each contestant sending us one subscription or more will receive a motto card for decoration of the wall.

We feel the Observer has proven its worth and that its reputation has been established. We must therefore decline to send out the paper unless the subscription be paid in advance.

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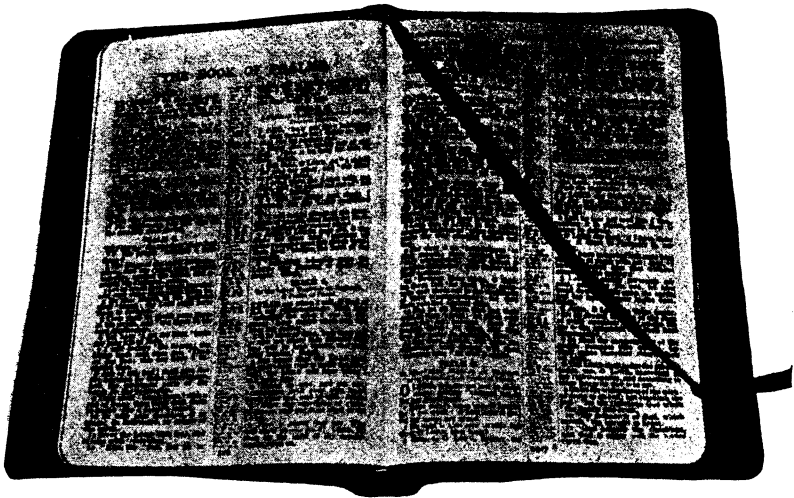
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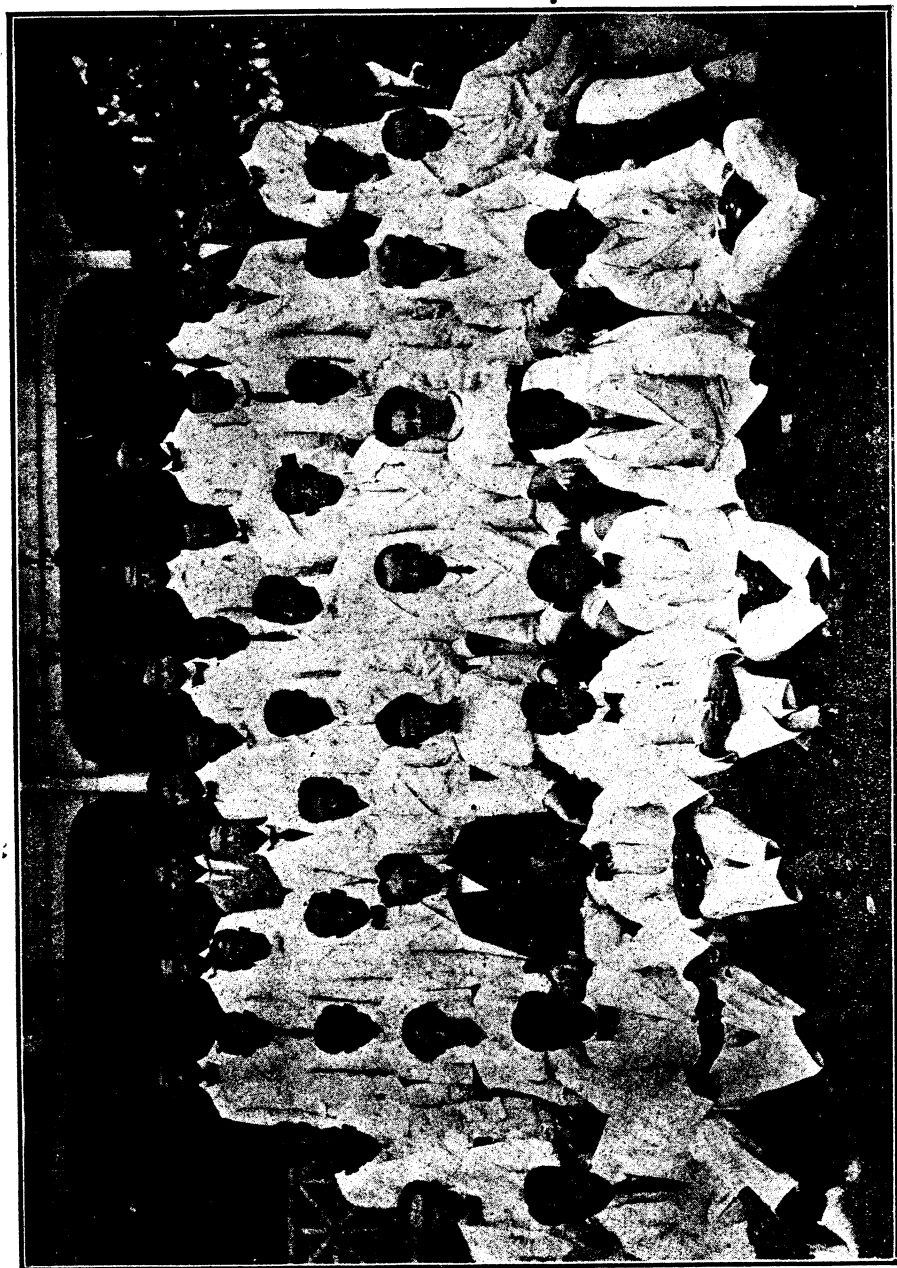
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Students and Faculty of the Union Theological Seminary, 1916.

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# Philippine Observer

FEBRUARY, 1916

BRUCE S. WRIGHT, EDITOR

Ismael H. Delancey

## EDITORIAL

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE" has been the question in my mind for a few weeks past. Finally I have decided "to be." That is, I am to be, for a few months, editor of the Observer. I am not an editor, I am a preacher; I am Pastor of the American Union Church of Manila. My work is entirely with Americans. For that very reason I am glad to have this opportunity to come in contact, if only through the printed page, with the English speaking Filipinos of the Islands.

A PICTURE of the Union Theological Seminary teachers and students, is on the opposite page. You may know I like this word UNION. It was this word that summoned me to the Islands. Almost certainly I would not have come had it not been for UNION. I am ambitious for this word UNION in its relation to the Observer. I want this paper to appeal to ALL English speaking young people in the Philippines, whatever may be their denominational affiliation. As the different Evangelical Churches are united in their support of the Union Theological Seminary, so may these columns pave the way for an all-denominational support of ONE paper, Observer or what-not, for all young Filipino Christians who speak the English language.

THE STORY is told that when the great Brooklyn bridge was built, the elder Roebling, who was the engineer and had drawn the plans and seen the vision of the completed structure before he put pencil to paper, was very ill and had not seen the progress of the last part of the work. In his illness he was taken to look upon the mighty span. He gazed upon it, the finished product of engineering genius of the age, and someone said to him, "Mr. Roebling, what do you think of it now that the work is finished?" He answered, "It is just like the plan?" A building, a bridge, a life, each needs a plan. Do you have a plan for your life? Are you holding true to it? To amount to *anything* you must plan for *something*.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, one of the Presidents of the United States, when a boy was asked the question, "What do you intend to be when you grow up?" A lawyer, or a soldier, or a sailor, or a business man, that will be the answer thought the questioner. But the youthful Garfield replied, "First of all, I mean to be a man?" This must be the foundation for your plan. What one does to make a living is not the thing of utmost importance. Ahead of all else is making a life, making a man of oneself.

"DONT SHUFFLE. Men make shipwreck of life because they shuffle," said William E. Gladstone to the young men of his day. Having made the plan for your life enter upon your work with enthusiasm. Be determined to obtain the *best* in your profession or your business. I like to recall the words of a farmer who aimed to be the best farmer possible. "I try to add to my farm each year, to do just a little more this year than I did last, and a little more next year than I did this; if I cannot grow as a farmer I will quit farming." He refused to allow himself to become a shuffling farmer.

PREPAREDNESS is a part of life's creed. Prepare yourself for your work. You will be worth so much more to yourself and to your country by taking time for thorough preparation. Prepare yourself to overcome temptation. Do you have a besetting sin? Purpose to overcome that sin, *to-day*. Prepare to conquer it; pray for strength; conquer it before it conquers you. Go out into each day, prepared for that day with calmness of mind, poise of life, purity of purpose, conscious always of the divine help of your Lord and Master.

FOR OTHER FOUNDATION can no man lay than is laid, which is Christ Jesus, our Lord: Planning, preparedness, determination are incomplete without Him. He is the Captain of our salvation. He strengthens us. He leads us. He summons us to service.

WE ARE SAVED TO SERVE. "I have not taken off my boots in a fortnight," wrote a young soldier of the Civil War. "We have been in seventeen fights and skirmishes. Yesterday only the sergeant and myself answered to our names when the roll of Company F was called. The rest are dead, or captured." How it thrills one to read that bit from a soldier's letter written long ago. With the utmost abandon men are laying down their lives for their country all over the world to-day. Another struggle is on. It is the war against sin and injustice of every kind. It is the struggle to make Christ King in men's hearts. What are you doing? Can you write, telling of hardship and sacrifice as that young soldier wrote? All your planning, all your preparation is to this end, that your life may be given, a "living sacrifice, wholly acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;  
As He died to make men holy let us *live* to make men free,  
For God is marching on."



## ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM MANY LANDS

The foreign-born population of the U. S. is 13,500,000. This equals the population of Belgium and Holland before the war, or that of Norway, Denmark and Sweden at this time.

The total income of the people of the United States is about \$35,000,000,000 a year. Of this, \$10,000,000,000 is derived from agricultural products, \$2,500,000,000 from minerals, and \$10,000,000,000 from manufactured articles.

Among the forest resources of Brazil one of considerable value and importance is the fibre "piassava," a product of certain palm trees, which is used in the manufacture of brooms, brushes, ropes, baskets, and hats. The trees also produce a very hard nut, called in Portuguese "coquillo," (coquilla,) from which excellent buttons are manufactured. The leaves are employed for making fans, and, in the country districts, for roofing adobe houses. For making brooms and brushes, especially, no other material is more extensively employed in Brazil, and large quantities are required annually for domestic consumption as well as for exportation to Europe.

New piers begun by the City of New York during the last two years will furnish 36,550 feet, or almost seven miles of wharfage space, and approximately forty-five and one-half acres of dock space.

There was recently held in Peking an exposition of Chinese products, embracing all of China except the extreme south and southwestern portions.

Women tram conductors have now appeared upon the electric cars of the Leeds (England) Corporation Tramways. The first corps, composed of twenty young women dressed in blue serge tunics and skirts with red facings and wearing uniform caps, has proved satisfactory, and it

is stated that the number to be employed may reach 200. The rate of pay proposed is the same as that of the men, 5½d. (22 cts.) per hour.

Irish agriculturists are interested in the alleged discovery of a method of converting ordinary peat into a highly concentrated fertilizer by a simple and inexpensive bacterial treatment. The discoverer is Professor W. B. Bottomley of the Royal Botanic Society. Professor Bottomley's principle is that bacteria facilitate the chemical processes connected with plant growth, and the peat bacterial culture immensely facilitates food absorption by vegetables and other farm crops. He has exhibited specimens of mature potatoes grown in seven weeks by the use of the peat fertilizer.

It is anticipated that large quantities of oranges and other citrus fruits will be available for shipment from South Africa to England during the coming season. In another four years the South African shipments of such fruit will, according to the estimate of C. du P. Chiappini, British Government Trades Commissioner to South Africa, amount to 400,000 boxes, and in ten years to 4,000,000 boxes annually.

The Territory of Hawaii now has in hand reclamation works that will cost about \$300,000, with several other projects in contemplation. At Honolulu a strip of land half a mile wide, starting near the wharves and extending for about three miles along the shore, is being put in sanitary condition. Another project well under way, known as the Waiolama reclamation project, will improve the waterfront of Hilo, on the Island of Hawaii. Preliminary surveys are being made for the Waikiki reclamation project, and filling will soon begin. This parcel of land adjoins the famous Waikiki Beach, and its reclamation will open a large area of desirable residence property.

## MOMENTS OF DEVOTION

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"Let all the people say Amen." Psalm 106:48.

The end of the *saying* is the beginning of the *doing*. Amen *ends* the prayer but *begins* the task. The people *say* and then the people start out to *do*. As a boy I was mystified by the use of the Amen. Frequently during the minister's prayer members of the congregation would respond, "Amen, Amen." "What do they mean," I would say to myself, "do they want him to stop his prayer?" Light came, and prayer took on a new meaning, when I learned that everytime one said "Amen" he actually meant "So let it be." To say Amen means a willingness to shoulder responsibility. When I speak Amen to another's prayer or my own, at that point I start to work to help fulfill the petition. Prayer, with its chorus of ardent Amens, is not *getting* something from God, it is *giving* ourselves to Him in partnership for the working of His will in the world. Do we say Amen to our nations prayer for the continuance of an honorable peace? Then we will talk peace, we will work for peace, we will prepare for peace. Do we say Amen to the prayer that righteousness may prevail in Manila and the Philippine Islands? That Amen is a pledge that, if need be, we will lay our lives upon the altar of sacrifice for righteousness sake. Do we say Amen to the prayer that purity and truth may have right of way in our hearts? That Amen is an avowal before high heaven that we will go through fire and blood ere we will give up our struggle to obtain life's crown. Let all the people say Amen.

O Lord, Thou Teacher of men, at whose feet the disciples learned, teach us how to pray. Amen and Amen we say. And when the prayer is ended help us to fulfill all that we have prayed. Having *said* Amen may we *strive* to bring it to pass. When we have made the *response* may we meet the *responsibility*.

### JAPANESE BILLY SUNDAY

"Come along now! Slide your feet into your wooden shoes and clack up the side. Now's the time to come out for Christ. Hit the trail! Hit the trail!"

And they do hit the trail. They paddle up the earthen aisle of the great tent by tens and scores. Seventy, eighty, ninety people take the hand of the Oriental Billy Sunday. Old Tokyo has never seen anything like this before!

An after meeting is held. Kiyomatsu Kimura, the young evangelist who studied Billy Sunday's methods in America last year and is now introducing them in Japan with sweeping success, has a heart-to-heart talk with the new converts. They are a motley crowd and the dramatic element, tinged with the homely, runs strong in the stories which they tell. Listen to some of them:

"In your sermon you talked about a young man who strayed into sin and you urged him to come home like the prodigal son. You told his experiences in sin. I know you meant me because I had exactly those experiences, but how you heard about me I don't know. Anyway I have come home."

"You saved me from this," says another young man, drawing a short, ugly sword from the concealment of his clothing and flinging it on the ground. "I intended to use that tonight if necessary. A robber must be well armed. My business, making and selling gate (wooden shoes) has all been destroyed. Shrewd men have driven me into failure, and I am left with nothing in the world but the clothes on my body. They robbed me of my business, so I decided to rob them tonight. First I went to my sister's house to say good-by to her because I had made up my mind that if my first robbery was successful I would stay a robber and never go back among my friends. I told my sister I was going away on business. When I left her I started for Hibiya Park, where I meant to stay until midnight. Then the people I wished to rob would be well asleep. On my way to the park I came to your tent and stepped in just to while away the time. You seemed to be talk-

ing straight at me, as if you knew all about the crime I was planning. You made me see how foolish I was. Tomorrow I am going to start life all over again. This time I believe I'll succeed because I have help."

And he strides out of the tent, leaving behind him the murderous steel shaft glinting in the dust.

"I have been sent here every night to keep order," says a Japanese policeman. "At first I thought you were a fool and I laughed at you. But tonight I couldn't hang back any longer. It's my duty to be outside this minute handling the crowd, but I guess my biggest duty is here. I want to declare myself a Christian."

"All the children will buy my beans now because there will be a new tone in my voice," says a vendor of baked peas and beans whose job it is to push his cart about town and sing his wares from dawn to sundown.

These are but a few out of many. I would need all the pages in this issue to tell the stories of those who grip Kimura's hand in one evening.

But before we pass on, it may interest you to know that the prodigal son got work at an honest job, the almost robber buoyantly reconstructed his fortunes and devoted all his spare time to Christian service, the policeman showed his interest by purchasing New Testaments, which were distributed gratis to converts while the little vendor painted with his own hands and erected on the roof of his cart two big signs advertising the meetings, and then wheeled the cart all over Tokyo, singing as he went.

Kimura was with Billy Sunday in Denver. When Sunday packed up his kit and moved to Des Moines, Kimura followed. He attended all the meetings in Des Moines! Then came the advance upon Philadelphia, and again Kimura followed in the train of the belligerent Billy. He observed every move and hearkened to every word of Billy Sunday.

It was not all new to Kimura. Had he not himself been the means of converting five hundred prisoners of the Obihiri jail in the Hokkaido? Had he not sped up

the membership of his church in Kyoto from thirty-five to three hundred? Had he not, on his way to America, stopped at Honolulu, where under his stimulation, twelve hundred people confessed and two independent, self-supporting churches were established?

Kimura had basic aptitude for evangelistic work. Having added to this a thorough knowledge of America's most successful evangelist, he went back to Japan in April of this year.

I have heard no one object to Kimura. His speech is colloquial but never vulgar. He uses the easily understood long Japanese words which, strangely enough, are the words of the street, instead of the short little-known Chinese words which so many young Japanese preachers and would-be orators employ to show off their command of language at the expense of their audience. None of that for Kimura. His message is to plain people and he speaks in plain language.

When Kimura preaches your attention runs forward to meet him as filings leap to a magnet. His Japanese may be Greek to you, as it was to me, but nevertheless, you can't escape the appeal of the man. He is dramatic to the core. His hands speak a paragraph at every move. His face is a troupe of actors.

He is a born mimic and his audience roars with laughter at his anecdotes. He illustrates how backsliders pray by meekly bowing his head, covering his eyes and peeping through his fingers at the congregation. He crouches, jumps, dashes across the platform. But he never puts his wife and the tent committee into a fret by ripping his clothes and smashing the furniture. He uses Sunday methods with discrimination.

The success of Kimura is a great thing for Japan. The mission schools produced Kimura. If the mission schools can produce others like him, men who can get under the national callous of cynicism, men who can probe to Japan's very heart, it will mean the morning of a new day in the Far East.

And the mission schools can do it—are doing it. But that is another story.

—Willard Price in *Christian Advocate*.

## KINGS, QUEEN AND PAWNS

AN AMERICAN WOMAN AT THE FRONT

*Review of book written by Mary Roberts Rinehart*

Human sympathy and an abhorrence of the inhuman waste of war are among the outstanding qualities of Mrs. Rinehart's volume. This popular American novelist went to the war zone at Dunkirk and La Panne as a delegate of the Belgian Red Cross Society, visited the trenches under fire, talked with King Albert and Queen Elizabeth in their humble villa at La Panne, interviewed General Foch, the hero of Ypres, and was moved with endless pity for the pawns—the common soldiers on both sides.

One of her most interesting chapters reproduces a dead German's diary. He was starving and cold in the frightful days and nights beside the Yser. As fast as they built a bridge to get back it was destroyed. From three sides he and his companions were being shelled. He knew what the end must be, but he wrote of it calmly. And then he died.

She looked upon a baby at La Panne that would have to go through life with stumps instead of legs—because of a German bomb. A 16-year-old soldier sat listening to "Madame Butterfly," on the phonograph; he would never see again! These scenes, repeated infinitely, made the author wonder if the result of the war would not be an overwhelming revolt against the autocratic ways of all the European Governments.

On the Belgian front Mrs. Rinehart visited the trenches at night. In each direction, as far as she could see, lay a gleaming lagoon of water, beautiful in the moonlight—and full of the dead! The author adds:

Any lingering belief I may have had in the grandeur and glory of war died that night beside that silver lake—died of an odor, and will never live again.

That same night she walked three miles in front of the Belgian advanced trenches in full view of the Germans, with no protecting tree or bank between her and the ominous line 200 yards away. And noth-

ing happened, though the officer in charge was indignant after she and her military guide returned. It had been a mistake, but she was glad of it. She was impressed by the fact that both sides have learned not to fire on sentries if they want their own to live. Long nights and days go by with sentries always in plain view, keeping their monotonous lookout, undisturbed, so long as there is no charge. When a charge is attempted they are the first to be shot.

The experiences of Lady Decies, who helped the surgeons with the wounded in a railway station at Dunkirk, are set down just as she told them to the author. She worked all night in the cold, with sufferers pouring in by the trainload. A wounded boy, choking with diphtheria, flung himself from the car and died in her arms before she could lay him down. The first night there were 1,100 wounded, the second 900, the third 750, the fourth 2,000, the fifth 1,500—and only three doctors and seven dressers to care for them. Night after night Lady Decies walked about in blood, her clothing stained to her knees.

It is the abundant material of this kind rather than the conventional talks with Kings and Queens that makes Mrs. Rinehart's book worth while. The whole is written with the light, sympathetic touch that characterizes her fiction.

*New York Times.*

## A PICTURE OF GOD

BY S. D. GORDON

It is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in His own world. He comes to His own, and they who are His own kinsfolk keep Him standing outside the door while they peer suspiciously at Him through the crack at the hinges.

To know God really, truly, is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pictures of God that I ever heard of came to me in a simple story. It was of a man, a minister, who lived in a New England town. He had a son, about fourteen years of age, going to school. One afternoon

the boy's teacher called at the home, and asked for the father, and said:

"Is your boy sick?"

"No. Why?"

"He was not at school to-day."

"Is that so?"

"Nor yesterday."

"You don't mean it!"

"Nor the day before."

"Well!"

"And I supposed he was sick."

"No, he's not sick."

"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you," and the teacher left.

And the father sat thinking. By and by heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew as he looked up that his father knew about those three days. And the father said:

"Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school to-day, . . . nor yesterday, . . . nor the day before. And we supposed you were. You let us think you were. And you do not know how badly I feel. I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy Phil.' And here you've been a living-lie for the three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel about it."

Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or—had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then, after a moment's pause, the father said, "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. And they got down. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror of his knees as he had not before. It's queer about that mirror of the knee-joints. It does show so many things. Many folks don't like it.

And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:

"My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where is sin there will be suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Now," he went on, "you have done wrong. And I am in this home like God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie—three days and three nights."

And Phil didn't say a word. They went upstairs, the pallet was made, and the father kissed his boy and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper time came, the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed upon the food, the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clear out of the question. Then they went into the sitting-room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he couldn't seem to see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses, of course. So he took them off and cleaned them very deliberately, and then found he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. You could see they were both bothered. How we do reveal ourselves in the details!

By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. But they made no move toward retiring. She said, "Aren't you going to bed?" And he said, "I think I'll not go yet a bit; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait a while, too." And the clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they arose and locked up, and went to bed, but—not to sleep. Each one made pretense to be asleep, and each one knew the other was not asleep. By and by she

said (women are always the keener), "Why don't you sleep?" And he said gently, "How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?"

"Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic."

"That's the bother with me," he replied. And the clock in the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still no sleep came.

At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer: I'm going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly, out of the room, and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latch-key softly, so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked—there Phil lay, wide awake, with something in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down on between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And the next night when sleep time came the father said, "Good-night, mother. I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night, again he said, "Mother, good-night. I'm going up with the boy again." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son.

You are not surprised to know that today that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China.

Do you know, I think that father it the best picture of God I ever saw? God could not take away sin. It's here. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is sin's index-finger, saying, "There's something wrong here." So He came down in the person of His Son, and lay down alongside of man for three days and three nights. That's God—our God. And beyond that He comes, and puts His life alongside of yours and mine, and makes us hate the bad, and long to be pure. To be on intimate terms with Him, to live in the atmosphere of His presence, to speed the day with Him—that is the true normal life.

## BLEED AWHILE; THEN FIGHT AGAIN

(A Little Old Lady Story.)

BY LYNN HAROLD HOUGH.

The big blue limousine turned about swiftly and came up the driveway and into the porte-cochere. A well-built athletic figure with an appearance of easy distinction, and a stride which suggested command of himself and of others, moved swiftly across the piazza. The butler appeared almost at once in response to the ringing of the bell, and just behind him stood Mrs. Morley with outstretched hands. Her eyes were shining with welcome as she said:

"Come in, Charley. Do you know I was just thinking of you. I was reading an account of William T. Harriss application of Hegel's philosophy to American life and I fell to wondering what you would think of it."

She led the way to the library and pointed to the chair where an eager young man had often sat while he poured out the story of his hopes and dreams, his ideas and ideals.

All this was long before he became the governor of the state, but she greeted him in the old way. There had always been a mental tussle the moment Charles Bowman appeared and with her usual skill she began just where they had left off long before. She knew how many people had ceased to touch the life of the man and could only think of the governor.

Charley Bowman leaned back comfortably. His eyes moved about the room drinking in all the old familiar sights. Then they rested on the little old lady, a delicate pink in her cheek, her whole bearing alive with interest in him and the talk they were going to have.

No one appreciated Charles Bowman's gift of charm, or the quick power of his speech, at times like the crack of a rifle, more than she. Now there was a wealth of tribute in the way in which he sat looking at her.

"You are just the same, I see," he began, "you little lady of perpetual youth. That's why I came. I wanted to find somebody who is young." There was a

lurking seriousness under his light tone, which Mrs. Morley was quick to perceive, though she made no sign.

The governor picked up the book which was lying open on the table. "So you're going in for Hegel as diluted by William T. Harris. I thought it would be Bergson, or Eucken."

Mrs. Morley smiled with a certain gay mischief in her eye.

"Do you know I like Bergson's illustrations so well that I forget his thought, and I like Eucken's feelings about life so well that I forget his ideas. So I'm going away from danger by reading after a man who is a thinker with no secrets of verbal magic, and no wells of intuition so deep that you forget everything else in their contemplation."

Charles Bowman was looking very steadily at the little old lady. He knew her tactics well, and more than most of her friends he could tell what she was about. It came to him now that she was deliberately testing his interest in fields away from politics to see if he had kept his mind alive, and to see all sorts of other things which would become evident if he talked about those matters. He had said, long ago. "Mrs. Morley gets you talking on one subject and then listens to what you don't say on another." At the time it was regarded as a particularly penetrating description of one of the little old lady.

Still holding the book in his hand the governor said musingly:

"To take the thesis and the antithesis and to combine them in a larger synthesis was a marvelous formula to Hegel and his followers, wasn't it? All unconsciously it's the politician's formula. And it works. But sometimes you have to pay cash down."

There was grim irony in the last words, and he waited for Mrs. Morley to reply. She was a master of effective silences, and she simply sat waiting.

Charles Bowman's finely chiseled face had hard lines upon it as he looked toward her. At length he burst out with his old boyish impetuosity: "Mrs. Morley, we haven't had a talk for a long time.

But, of course, you know all about my career in this state. I learned my trade. I mastered it. I found the way to make everything count. I capitalized all my energy and brains and everything else there was of me. But it was fair, clean work. I have been after a better state, and I've never gotten in the way of my ideals of what the state ought to be—not if I know it."

Mrs. Morley's hand moved with an eager gesture of assent. "I've known all about it," she said, "and I could put it far more strongly. It's been a great fight. A new spirit is in the state because of the way in which you have lived and worked." She seemed to gather energy in an individual way she had when she wanted to make a sentence a personal gift, and then she said, "I've been proud—very proud—to watch it all."

She gave such words so carefully, and with such a sense of responsibility in uttering them, that they always meant much to her friends. Charles Bowman's eyes gleamed with some deep response of gratitude.

"That pays in full for some very bad hours," he said.

In a moment the hard, troubled look came into his face again.

"The've got me fastened up so tightly that I can't move now, Mrs. Morley. I can see through the whole thing. But I can't do anything about it. They've paid a price I won't pay, and the state is theirs."

Mrs. Morley sat listening now with an intent sympathy which made it very easy to talk. Governor Bowman went on:

"You know the group of men who have been in control in this state so long. They are as able and as crooked a group as any commonwealth in the country had known for many a year. Really they have been playing with me. They assented to my election in order to make a pretense of reform and go on with their own plans all the while. Well, they haven't found me the figurehead they expected. There's been some good fighting. And I've won some victories. But for all that I've not seriously interfered with their deepest plans. I haven't been able to touch them

at the places where they care most. Now they plan to reelect me—to seem to accept my leadership, and they to go on in a more subtly effective way to debauch the state."

He sat still after he had spoken these words.

Then he said with hard emphasis:

"I can't do what I want to do. I won't be a stool. So I'm not going to be a candidate."

Mrs. Morley took this announcement without so much as a gesture or a movement of an eye. If Governor Bowman looked for an exclamation of depreciation and disappointment it did not come. The little old lady filled the silence with a quality of expectancy seeming to ask for more, seeming to suggest that, of course, he had more important reasons for his decision.

"That's all there is," he cried, "and isn't that enough? I can't allow myself to be the mere instrument of that gang. I can't let them use me as an anæsthetic to put the public to sleep while they bleed the state."

Mrs. Morley rose and walked across the room. She carefully drew a book from one of the cases, turned to a certain page and handed the book to Charles Bowman, pointing to a marked passage. His eyes followed her finger and he read from what he recognized at once as an old English ballad:

"I'll lie down and bleed a while,  
And then I'll rise and fight again."

He looked up at Mrs. Morley. There was fire in her eyes. A sudden gleam came into his own.

"Do you know, I believe you would," he said admiringly.

"And I know that you must," she flashed back immediately.

She sat down opposite him. There was a kind of poise to her body which suggested a soldier ready for a battle. He waited expectantly to hear what she would say. Her first word almost brought him to his feet.

"Of course you know, Charley, that you haven't begun to fight—" He started to interrupt her, but a gesture of command held him back. "I know all the things



you would say. I've followed your career intimately. I could tell you the very months of strain which have worn your body. I could tell you the hours which have been almost a torture. It has all been fine and brave. From many a man it would be superb. But it isn't from you."

She sat for a moment scrutinizing him, as if to see if she dared to say all that was in her mind.

"Go on," he said with a half ironic gesture, "do your worst."

She rose and stood before him. She knew it would not be easy to move him. She left that it was a critical moment.

"I know you, Charles Bowman," she said. "And I know that you've never put one third of your full power into this battle. You've measured yourself by other men, and not by your own capacity. If you ever use all your power, you can master this state. You can overwhelm completely the corrupt forces. You can shake the very foundations on which the worst things rest, and bring them down. Under your leadership the people can remake the state."

Once again he would have spoken. Again she moved imperiously on:

"You have the ear of the state in a completer way than you know. You have capacities for organization you have never used. There are deep unsounded resources of power in your life. Are you going to desert the state? Are you going to be a quitter?"

The last word, so utterly unexpected from this little lady of rare and delicate culture, came like an explosion.

The governor rose and began walking back and forth in the room. There was another hour of talk. It was a battle royal, and sometimes it seemed doubtful as to which way the victory would lie. With amazing strategy and alertness Mrs. Morley pressed every advantage. The whole impact of her power of brain and personality was put into the struggle.

When at length Charles Bowman stepped into the limousine he called back to the little old lady:

"Your Hegelian dialectic is too much for me. So I'll rise and fight some more."

*Evanston, Ill.*

## PROHIBITION

If Prohibition is good for the rest of the world is it not equally good for the Philippines? "In My Travels in Foreign Fields," says Dr. Arthur J. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, "I not only learned that the customs of the people hinder missionary activities, but I found that the slime of the pit as represented in the American saloon had been transferred to those fields. There is a brewery in Jerusalem; there is a distillery on Mount Lebanon; there are American saloons in Damascus. The saloon is the Church's greatest foe in its foreign missionary work. The missionary goes to Christianize, while the rumshop follows in his steps to destroy his work, even to hurl the people back into a worse than heathen darkness. The saloon is the Church's deadliest enemy at home. It is the hotbed of anarchism. It is the inexorable enemy of both church and home. To support foreign missions and give nothing to fight the liquor traffic is like sowing grain and letting the weeds grow up and choke it."

## READY TO DO HIS PART

During the revolutionary period in Paris in 1848, it is related a committee of seven communists called at the Rothschild establishment and demanded to see the famous banker. Rothschild appeared, as suave as you please.

"Pray be seated, gentlemen," said he; "and now what can I do for you?"

"Rothschild," said the chairman of the committee, "our time has come at last. The people are triumphant—the commune is on top. The time has come when each must share equally with his fellow citizen. We have been delegated to call upon you and inform you that you must share your enormous wealth with your countrymen."

"If it is decreed," said Rothschild, urbanely, "I shall cheerfully comply. At how much is my fortune estimated?"

"At two hundred millions of francs," replied the leader, boldly.

"And at what is the population of France estimated?" asked Rothschild.

"We figure it at fifty millions," was the answer.

"Well, then," said Rothschild, it would appear that I owe each of my countrymen about four francs. Here, gentlemen," he continued, putting his hand in his pocket and producing a lot of silver, "here are twenty-eight francs for you. I have paid each of you, have I not? Please give me your receipt therefor; and I bid you good-day."



### THE SCIENTIST WHO SAW GOD

Often the mighty men of earth are the most willing to confess that "the heavens declare the glory of God." Only in moments of depression do earnest Christians feel impelled to concede that the leaders of world thought may be unable to find God's hand beneath the wonders of nature and the marvels of life. Not always do the master scientists express in Christian terms their faith in God, but their intimate acquaintance with the deep-lying facts of the Creator's work force from them ascriptions to his praise such as have been voiced by very few.

After a few hours on a magnificent Alaskan glacier, one evening John Muir returned to his steamer, "rejoicing in the possession of so blessed a day, and feeling, in very foundational truth, we had been in one of God's own temples and had seen him and heard him working and preaching like a man."

Passing through the rockbound gate of a fiord and gaining his first free sight of the inlet he declared, "No words can convey anything like an adequate conception of its sublime grandeur—the noble simplicity and fineness of the sculpture of the walls; their magnificent proportions; their cascades, gardens and forest ornaments; the placid fiord between them; the great white and blue ice wall, and the snow-laden mountains beyond." But still more impotent are words in "telling the peculiar awe one experiences in entering these mansions of the icy north, notwithstanding it is only the natural effect of approachable manifestations of the presence of God." "Every feature glowed with intention, reflecting the plans of God."

To the scientist it seemed that God's work of creation is yet in progress: "Mountains long conceived are now being born,

channels traced for coming rivers, basins hollowed for lakes; that moraine soil is being ground and outspread for coming plants." Every few minutes a new-born iceberg, by its breaking away from the glacier parent, obeys one more behest of the Creator that the world shall one day be complete. In all the bergs, old and new, "there are azure caves and rifts of ineffable beauty, in which the purest tones of light pulse and shimmer, lovely and untainted as anything on earth or in the sky."



### GOD SENT RESCUE JUST IN TIME

No more thrilling story has come out of any age of the church than the tale which Stephen Trowbridge of Cairo sent to the American Foreign Board concerning the deliverance granted this past autumn by the good hand of God to the beleaguered Armenian flock of Pastor Andresian. The record was obtained by Mr. Trowbridge when British and French cruisers larded the 5,000 rescued men, women and children at Port Said in Egypt.

The Armenians, originally 7,000 in number, comprised the inhabitants of seven villages near Antioch who fled before the devouring Turks and took refuge on the Mediterranean. Here for fifty-three days the men successfully defended their wives and children against the assaults of an overwhelming body of desperate Turkish soldiers. Meanwhile, no friendly vessel came in sight on the anxiously scanned waters of the Mediterranean Sea; all ammunition were exhausted and it was plain the defense could not last much longer. Then on the last day of possible resistance a French ship answered the distress flags flying from the tallest tree tops on the mountain peak. Strong young swimmers plunged into the sea to carry to the captain the appeal of the Christians ashore, and wireless soon brought together a fleet sufficient to carry away all the survivors.

As long as trust in God and admiration for heroic human faith continue to be notes of vital religion, this dramatic episode of Mount Moses will remain a classic tale of timely providence.

How I wished that I could have made a picture of the fine old man and his beautiful surroundings on that memorable day!

### WERE THEY CORRECT?

A good story is going the rounds related by the correspondent of a New York paper. It is to the effect that on the battle-field in France, at a place where the trenches of the opposing forces are not far apart, the Germans set up a board inscribed with the statement: "The English are fools." Presently they put up another board which read: "The French are fools." After these statements had soaked in they put up a third board carrying the confession: "We are fools." Then they combined the statements on a fourth board and added a sensible deduction: We are all fools; let us go home." What would happen if all the soldiers should accept that statement of the case and act upon the suggestion? Would the war be over?



### A LITTLE TALK WITH STUDENTS

BY ONE OF THE TEACHERS

#### DON'T—

Forget your chief study is to become a wholesome personality.

Talk of the golden-age-in-the-past days' but make this school year the best you've known.

Imagine that the teacher is your enemy and entrench yourself for a four years' campaign.

Swagger because your father pays your way while some one else works a part.

Write for catalogues of other schools. They don't care to send them to you, and you had better attend to the studies in your own.

Rush out of the dormitory buttoning your waistcoat on the way to breakfast. Get up five minutes earlier.

Feel called upon to announce your favorite teacher. You may make the other teachers jealous.

Study Sundays, but live your biggest that day. It will help all the week.

#### BUT DO—

Remember to be self-controlled and a good listener everywhere.

Plan to act as an ally of your teacher in class management.

Learn to walk erect. Keep clear-eyed and conscious of your teacher's undiminished faith—and the peace that passeth understanding go with you daily!

—*New York Advocate.*



### A YOUNG MAN FAILS

When he has no confidence in himself nor his fellow men.

When he values success more than character and self-respect.

When he does not try to make his work a little better each day.

When he becomes so absorbed in his work that he cannot say that life is greater than work.

When he lets a day go by without making some one happier and more comfortable.

When he values wealth above health, self-respect, and the good opinion of others.

When he is so burdened by his business that he finds no time for rest or recreation.

When he knows that he is in the wrong, but is afraid to admit it.

When he does not care what happens to his neighbor or to his friends so long as he is prosperous.

When he is so busy doing that he has no time for smiles and cheering words.—*Ideal Powers.*



### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

February 13th. "The Consecration of influence." Hebrews 10: 19-25.

February 20th. "How to put the Bible into Life." Psalm 119: 105-112.

February 27th. "Exterminate the Saloon. "Why? How?" Habakuk 2: 1-14.

March 5th. "The Consecration of Strength." Psalm 29: 1-11.

March 12th. "The Causes of failure in Life." Proverbs 10: 1-32.

### HE MUST DIG

He wanted a job, and, like every one else,  
He wanted a good one, you know;  
Where his clothes would not soil and his  
hands would keep clean,  
And the salary mustn't be low.

He asked for a pen, but they gave him a  
spade,  
And he half turned away with a shrug.  
But he altered his mind, and, seizing the  
the spade—he dug?  
He worked with a will that is bound to  
succeed,  
And the months and the years went  
along.

The way it was rough and the labor was  
hard,  
But his heart he kept filled with a song.  
Some jeered him and sneered at the task,  
but he plugged  
Just as hard as he ever could plug;  
Their words never seemed to disturb him  
a bit—as he dug.

The day came at last when they called for  
the spade,  
And gave him a pen in its place.  
The joy of achievement was sweet to his  
taste,  
And victory shone in his face.  
We can't always get what we hope for at  
first—  
Success cuts many queer jigs,  
But one thing is sure—aman will  
succeed—if he digs.

—Selected.

### THE PLACE OF PEACE

#### A PARABLE

*By Edwin Markham*

At the heart of the cyclone tearing the sky  
And flinging the clouds and the towers by  
Is a place of central calm:  
So here in the roar of mortal things,  
I have a place where my spirit sings,  
In this hollow of God's palm.

### ALPHABETICAL ADVICE.

BY FLORENCIO G. MARQUES

Abstain from smoking and drinking al-  
coholic drinks.

Be alert in everything.

Cheer up your neighbors in their sad  
hours.

Decorate yourself with love.

Encounter the trials in life with resig-  
nation.

Fight manfully all hardships.

Give help to the needy.

Have your heart open for everybody.

Investigate yourself if right before your  
fellowmen and your God.

Judge not your neighbors.

Keep thy mental home a holy place.

Live peacefully and righteously.

Master your self and your temper.

Never deviate from truth.

Obeys the laws of the Maker.

Pardon him who asks forgiveness that  
ye may be forgiven.

Quarrel with nobody; be agreeable.

Remember your duties as a Christian  
and observe them strictly.

Sacrifice money rather than character.

Take care of your tongue that it may  
not hurt any one.

Use your common sense; many have be-  
come great by doing so.

Violate not the sanctity of brotherhood  
and friendship.

Worship only ONE true God.

Xpatriate all evil desires for there are  
plenty of good ones.

Yield not to Satan for you are the child  
of the King.

Zig-zag not on the roads of life but walk  
firmly and you will reach the pro-  
mised goal.

# THE PHILIPPINE OBSERVER

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AMBITIOUS AND ASPIRING

BRUCE S. WRIGHT, EDITOR

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## THE WORLD.

### RELIGION

Another Laymen's Missionary Movement is on in the United States. It is about at its height now. Conventions are being held in seventy-five of the leading cities of the country. They are reaching thousands of men. This particular movement began last October in Chicago. There were 4559 delegates registered. Six years ago at a similar meeting in the same city less than half as many delegates were registered. These figures show a corresponding interest on the part of business men in the great business of spreading the Gospel. More and more the leading men in public and commercial life are interested in, and informing themselves about, the world wide movement of missions. The present series of meetings will culminate in a National Missionary Congress to be held in the city of Washington, D.C., the last of April, this year.

In the Philippines we are especially interested just now in the fourth annual Sunday School Convention held in the city of Manila. When we think that ten years ago there was scarcely a Sunday School scholar in the Islands, and that

to-day there are nearly fifty thousand enrolled, we are amazed at the growth. We are hopeful about the future of Evangelical Christianity in the Philippines when a few years are able to produce such a marvelous growth.

### BUSINESS

The business of the world, with the exception of places where war munitions are manufactured, is quiet. In the Islands business conditions seem more normal than in many other countries. Our chief difficulty is the lack of shipping facilities. Business men are beginning to take a more practical view of business. A prominent business man of the Islands said a few days since to the editor of one of the leading dailies,—"I am through for all time with calamity howling," he declared. "Jones Bill or no Jones Bill, independence in four years or forty, it is all the same to me now—I am going after the business, and I am not going to touch politics any more with a forty foot pole. The business is here to be gotten. It's an old story that the Philippines is an agricultural country, and that the basis of everything in the Islands is agriculture. It's as true as gospel. Well, look at the figures—they show that the soil of the country is giving forth more riches every year." And so on he talked. Sensible attitude is this. Americans, Filipinos, all should cease thinking that business depends on any possible action the Congress of the United States may take; if the people will devote themselves to agriculture, to the various industries, the business future of the Philippines will be assured, and these Islands will be known everywhere as Islands of Prosperity.

### POLITICS

There is still uncertainty regarding the passage of the Jones Bill. So many amendments have been added, causing so much debate, that it is impossible to tell the final outcome. It passed the Senate by a vote of 52 in favor and 24 against. It has yet to pass the House of Representatives and be signed by the President. It is now officially announced

that a conference of representative men of both houses is to be held on the subject of the bill, at which various phases of the measure as modified or added by the Senate will be taken up previous to the opening debate in the House of Representatives. The Clarke Amendment, about which so much discussion has been caused, follows:—

#### THE CLARKE AMENDMENT

The President is hereby authorized and directed to withdraw and surrender all right of possession, supervision, jurisdiction, control or sovereignty now existing and exercised by the United States in and over the territory and people of the Philippines and he shall, on behalf of the United States, fully recognize the independence of the said Philippines as a separate and self-governing nation and acknowledge the authority and control over the same of the government instituted by the people thereof.

This transfer of possession, sovereignty and governmental control shall be completed and become absolute not less than two years nor more than four years from the date of the approval of this act, under the terms and in the manner hereinafter prescribed; provided that, if the President prior to the expiration of the said period of four years shall find that the condition of the internal or external affairs of said Philippines in respect to the stability or efficiency of the proposed government thereof is such as to warrant him in so doing he is hereby further authorized by proclamation duly made and published to extend the said time, to and including, the date of the final adjournment of the session of congress which shall convene next after the date of the expiration of the said period of four years and thus afford the Congress an opportunity, in its discretion to further consider the situation in the said Philippines, but any such extension of time by the President shall not otherwise suspend or nullify the operative force of this act, unless the Congress shall hereafter so direct.

For the purpose of a complete and prompt compliance with this direction,

the President is hereby invested with full power and authority to make such orders and regulations and to enter into such negotiations with the authorities of the Philippines or others as may be necessary to finally settle and adjust all property rights and other relations as between the United States and the said Philippines, and to cause to be acknowledged, respected and safe-guarded all of the personal and property rights of citizens or corporations of the United States and of other countries, resident or engaged in business in said Philippines, or having property interest therein, in any such settlement or adjustment so made in respect to the rights and property of the United States as against the said Philippines, the President may reserve or acquire such lands and rights and privileges appurtenant thereto as may in his judgment be required by the United States for naval bases and coaling stations within territory of the said Philippines.

#### WAR

It is a difficult task to sum up the war news. Europe is still at war

but the situation remains quite as it has been for months past. There seems to be no decided advantage on either side. The war is likely to continue for an indefinite period, until some overwhelming victory is gained by one side or the other, or until the resources of either side are exhausted.

In the United States President Wilson is leading a campaign for "Preparedness." He is advocating a larger army and navy. He is not having entirely smooth sailing in his plan. Many leading Americans are opposed to what may even seem to be a trend toward "Militarism." For example, Dr. John R. Day, President of Syracuse University, wrote a memorable article in Leslie's Weekly in which he discusses "War Hysteria."

A portion of his article follows,—

"It is most astounding that we American people, thousands of miles away from warring nations on our East and on our

West, with less in the conditions of those nations to menace us than ever in our history, should be seized with the hysteria of war preparations for our defense. It is impossible that we shall be attacked in generations and improbable that we shall ever be. Europe will have had enough of war for a century. Japan will have China fast waking out of provincialism to national life and its proportions to reckon with and restrain her westward ambitions if she has any. Canada is our natural ally. Mexico, settling her domestic quarrels, will have things in common with us. The same is true of the South American republics.

"Why should we lose our balance and permit ourselves to be thrown into a panic by politicians and war munition makers? What spell is being thrown upon us that we, who have so earnestly condemned the militarism that is ruining Germany and drenching all Europe with blood, should take on that same spirit of militarism and burden ourselves with that weight of taxes and conscription which has encumbered and paralyzed a continent for more than a half century, leading to the very calamity against which it pretended to guard itself?

"What Europe desperately desires to retreat from to farms and shops and homes and property, we propose to enter with the menace of preparation of armed defense. We are to issue our cards and send out our invitations to war also!"

Dr. Day concludes: "What Europe is about to cast off we should not attempt to put on. It will not fit us. We have no inheritance of war. When we have tried war we have made short work of it and quickly disbanded. It is too late in the world's history for us to become an armed camp. Our camp fires are on our hearthstones under hundreds of thousands of chimneys among the roof trees above our happy and prosperous homes. These are the beacon fires that make a nation great.

"Europe is wading in blood today because a nation was over-prepared for war and other nations tried to be prepared also."

### A MORNING PRAYER

I wonder how many who read these pages have a morning prayer that just suits them—something besides the extempore words which express their own private needs. It is good to have a form of prayer, occasionally, if one is not confined to it. The familiar form for evening, though meant more particularly for children, John Quincy Adams, it is said, did not think it beneath his dignity to repeat as long as he lived. We know of nothing quite equal to it for the morning, nothing at least which has the same sanction of long-time usage and commends itself so generally. Some one has suggested this:

"Now I get me up to work,  
I pray the Lord I may not shirk;  
If I should die before tonight,  
I pray my work may be done right."

But this will not meet the needs of all. On a higher grade is the following, which will better suit those of devouter mien:

"I get me up to do Thy will,  
Thy every purpose to fulfil;  
If Thou this day shouldst call me home  
I'll answer promptly, Lord, I come!,"

For those who wish something a little longer that might well be repeated, feelingly, while dressing, or before rising from one's knees, we recommend the following:

Another day with Him,  
With Him who is my all!  
Oh, how my heart leaps up with joy  
To hear His loving call!

He calls me to His side,  
To work with Him all day,  
To see His face, to hear His voice,  
And every word obey.

I'll give Him all my powers,  
Lay self low at His feet,  
And in the strength His grace imparts  
Count every duty sweet.

The day shall be divine,  
For every smallet thing  
Shall bear the print of Jesus' love,  
And find a welcoming.

Sublime shall be the day,  
So filled with God that He  
Shall dearer grow as the moments flow,  
Till wholly one are we.

*Zion's Herald.*



# THE BIG EVENTS OF 1915

*From the World Outlook.*

Items you may have overlooked. War news crowded them off the front page of the morning paper, but they will get into the histories later on.

The Japanese Emperor indicated his willingness to receive a Bible as a coronation present from the Japanese of the Pacific Coast. The request of native Japanese Christians for formal representation at the ceremonies of the coronation which took place November 10th was partially granted. Christians were included in the lists of guests at the banquets, held in various cities of the Empire. Several Christian leaders, including one woman, the president of the Japanese Woman's Christian Temperance Union, were decorated with the Order of the Sacred Treasure.

The European war is playing havoc with the work of the German and British missionaries in Africa and India. In German East Africa many of the British missionaries have been interned and in the British African colonies, as well as in the territory conquered from the Germans, the latter's missionaries have been either sent out of the country or interned. In India government aid has been withdrawn from some of the German missions and all of the missionaries of military age have been interned. In some instances the British missionary societies have attempted to take over the mission work which the Germans were compelled to relinquish. In Japan the German missionaries are permitted to continue their work.

The total Protestant foreign missionary contributions of America for the preceding year were over seventeen million dollars. The native churches gave, approximately, one dollar for every four dollars contributed in America.

The board of Engineers, appointed by the American Red Cross to study methods of flood prevention in the valley of Huai River in China, filed its report in June. The Board recommends, after personal investigation, an extensive system of canals and drainage which will reduce the danger of floods and also reclaim agricultural land to the value of nearly fifty million dollars. The Chinese Government has taken the suggestions under ad-

visement, pending an improvement in the financial resources of the country.

A great Christian University is planned for Cairo: \$175,000 has already been subscribed in the United States.

The new Pacific and European Steamship Company, recently incorporated in New York with a paid up capital of two million dollars is a joint American and Chinese Corporation which is prepared immediately to charter, buy and build steamers for trans-Pacific trade. At the present time Japan owns or controls through subsidies about seven-eighths of the available tonnage of the Pacific.

Eighty different countries bought automobiles from the United States in the twelve months ending in June. American automobile sales abroad have risen from one million dollars in 1902 to seventy-four million dollars last year.

Sherwood Eddy is now concluding in India a whirlwind evangelistic campaign similar to the one conducted last year in China. He has been making a special appeal to the student and high caste audiences.

Dr. Wellington Koo, the recently appointed Chinese Minister to the United States, is a graduate of St. John's College (Episcopal), Shanghai, a missionary institution, Cook Academy (Baptist), Montour Falls, N. Y., and also holds three degrees from Columbia University in New York City. At Cook Academy Dr. Koo expressed his desire to become a Christian.

The Chinese Minister of Education plans a compulsory education law to become effective in from three or five years. Meanwhile China is summoning all her resources to provide suitable teachers for her prospective public schools.

The National City Bank of New York has purchased the International Banking Corporation. This transaction gives the United States banks in Kobe, Hankow, Singapore, Calcutta and Bombay. The National City Bank also has five branches in South America and is planning for others.

## PURE FUN

### Evidence

"Colonel Brown seems to be very literary," remarked a visitor to the Brown household to the maid, glancing at a pile of magazines lying on the floor.

"Yes, ma'am," replied, the girl, "yas, ma'am, he shoely am literary. He jes' nat'ally littahs things all ovah dis year house."

### Her Characteristic

"Of course your wife favors votes for women?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton, "but I suspect she'll find it hard to approve of any plan that allows some of the women she knows to vote just the same as she does."—Washington Star.

### Accomplished.

Smart Young Man—What do you think of Brown?

Indignant Old Gentleman—Brown, sir! He is one of those people that pat you on the back before your face and hit you in the eye behind your back. Tit-Bits.

### He Got Them Mixed

A Missouri farmer had ordered a fancy pig from a breeder. The pig was a mere mite of a pig and the farmer sent it back.

"Dear sir," he wrote, "from the comparative size of the pig and the bill I am forced to the conclusion that you got them mixed. You should have sent the pig by mail and the bill by express."—Youth's Companion.

### For School Ma'ams

Little Herman was a very backward pupil and his teacher frequently lost all patience with him. One day, when he seemed to be more dense than usual, the teacher exclaimed: "It seems you are never able to answer any of my questions, Herman. Why?" "If I knew all the things you ask me, ma'am," replied

Herman, "my father wouldn't go to the trouble of sending me here!"—The Argonaut.

### His Caution

"Were you able to sell old Skinflint a grave?" asked the superintendent of the cemetery.

The agent shook his head. "He was afraid he might not get the full value of it," he explained.

"But, hang it all, a man has got to die some time!" exclaimed the superintendent.

"That's what I told him; but he only answered, 'Suppose I should be lost at sea.'"—Tit-Bits.

### Trying It on the Dog

Chief Justice Doherty used to relate an experience which befell him during a visit to a country house in Ireland.

His friend, the host, sent a car to the place. He had not gone far when the horse became restless and finally upset the car into a ditch. The judge asked the driver how long the animal had been in harness.

"Half an hour, sur."

"I mean, how long since he was first put in harness?"

"Shure, I've told you—half an hour, sur," answered the driver, "an' the mas'ther said if he carried ye safe he'd buy him."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

### A Fearful Occurrence

A gentleman farmer tells of a city lad who once worked for him.

The lad was called one winter morning before dawn and told the harness the mule to the deaborn.

The lad was too lazy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule. The farmer, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house:

"Billy! Billy! What are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled back the boy. "His ears are frozen."—Collier's Weekly.

# THE DIXMONT NEWSPAPER WAR

BY ROLAND ASCOT

IN TEN CHAPTERS

CHAPTER V

A CHARGE AGAINST THE SUN

Sartell's attempt to bar an issue of The Sun from the mails marked an epoch in his life. His position with his fellow workers in the composing room was improved; they were proud of him. This made him glad, for he knew that he was now an accepted member of the inner circle of Sun-haters. His position with the members of The Sun force was equally satisfactory. Joe scowled at him when they met on the street, and was not so friendly out of business hours as he had been.

All this was pleasing from Sartell's point of view. Yet he was not satisfied. He longed for an opportunity to do something big to show his appreciation of Mr. Bertrand's loyalty in standing by the results of his effort to act on his own responsibility. He devised plans by day, and he dreamed of plans at night. Frequently, Mr. Roper had to recall his wandering mind by urging him to remember that press day was approaching rapidly, and that his galleys must be filled.

But all his thinking was in vain. The sight of a freight train led him to think how noble it would be if he could rescue the editor's little son from danger on the track. When he passed the headquarters of the Dixmont Volunteer Fire Department, he thought that a fire in the editor's house would give him the chance he sought. He tried to get on the track of some exclusive piece of news; he even followed up several clues that seemed promising. In despair, he concluded that there was either an unusual dearth of news in the town, or that he was a failure as a news gatherer.

Finally he made up his mind that he would have to give up all thought of showing his gratitude by doing some big

thing; there were no big things to do. His gratitude to Mr. Bertrand could not be proved!

But on the very day he came to this mournful conclusion, he did something that was the cause of great disappointment to Mr. Bertrand. The action was perfectly innocent; not one in the office, not even Mr. Bertrand himself, could have foreseen the result of the act.

The composing room of an old-time newspaper office is a gloomy place at best. Everything has a somber appearance. Ink covers everything; even the walls are daubed with it. This condition is usually due to the apprentice more than to anyone else; the average boy in a printing office seems to feel that the walls are so dirty anyway, they might as well be dirtier.

Sartell was no exception to the rule. He splashed the walls so thoroughly that he soon tired of this amusement, and longed to undo the work. Ashamed of the dingy walls, he brought from home lithographs and other pictures, and fastened them over the worst spots.

At first Mr. Roper and the men laughed at him, but as "Sardine's picture gallery" grew, they began to take an interest in it. Soon all the men even Mr. Roper, brought in their contributions, and it was an easy matter to cover three of the walls; the window front only was left bare.

Visitors who dropped into the office were attracted by the "gallery." Sartell felt that it devolved on him to point out the various pictures in the collection, and explain them in such a way that no one could fail to appreciate them. The first visitors told others, and it was not long

before The Tribune's art gallery became known throughout the town.

For a few weeks Mr. Bertrand would pause before the pictured wall, smiling as he saw the strange patchwork. After a while, however, he ceased to pay attention to the decorations; the wall was so nearly covered, that additions did not attract his eye.

Thus it became possible for Sartell to hurt the editor's prospects by a perfectly innocent blunder. One Thursday, when he opened the "patent insides," preparatory to folding them, he found in the bundle a copy of a popular illustrated weekly, which contained a large supplement in colors. The subject did not interest him. In fact, he did not pause to note it. But the colors did attract him.

"Here is a great picture for that vacant space over the proof press," he said. "I think I will put it up right now."

When it was in place he read aloud the title:

#### "DRAWING THEM INTO THE FOLD."

His interest was sufficiently aroused by this title to make him take a cursory glance at the picture. He saw an exaggerated figure of a man scourging a score or more of smaller men into an inclosure marked "My Private Preserves." The smaller figures were labeled, "Traction Company," "Gas Company," "Water Works," and so forth. The larger man was labeled "D. S. R." He was represented as explaining his act by the words, "The city thinks they work for the people; they know they work for me."

If Sartell had been as interested in political matters as he was in baseball reports, he would have realized that the cartoonist had tried to tell graphically about the charge made against a prominent citizen of the nearest city. The man was named Droster. Certain papers said he was making a fortune, robbing his fellow citizens by manipulating the city's contracts with everyone on whom he could bring pressure.

Sartell had no further interest in the

cartoon. The vacant place on the wall was covered; that was enough for him.

But Mr. Roper and the other composers, familiar with the charge made against Mr. Droster, laughed long when they examined the pictorial attack on him—an attack just veiled enough to save the proprietors from liability under the law.

If they had done their laughing in the office, all might have been well. But they told of the cartoon to some of their friends. These dropped into the office to see it, and then told others. Before long, the latest addition to The Tribune picture gallery was likely to be mentioned every time certain daily papers referred to the scandal which had inspired the artist.

Perhaps Mr. Bertrand would have saved himself from keen disappointment if he had known of the cartoon. He was absent from town when it was pasted on the wall. When he returned, it happened that no one mentioned it in his presence. Several times he passed through the composing room, but his eye did not rest on the gallery. No one dreamed of mentioning the matter to him, for no one knew that he had any interest in Mr. Droster and the charges against him. The Tribune paid no attention to the affairs of the state capital, where Mr. Droster was said to be the power behind the throne.

Yet Mr. Bertrand was interested in Mr. Droster. For a long time he had desired to leave Dixmont and go back to city newspaper work; he had come to the country because of a nervous breakdown which threatened if he remained longer on the staff of the metropolitan journal. After four years of a life less strenuous he was ready to return to the city.

On learning that The Argus, the leading daily paper at the capital, was in need of a city editor, he had asked influential friends to present his name as a candidate for the position. A few days after the incident of the cartoon, Mr. Bertrand received a letter from Mr. Droster, the owner of The Argus, which showed that his application had been received with favor.

"I want to be very careful in the selection of a man for the position," the writer said. "Of course, the new city editor must be a thorough newspaper man; that goes without saying. He must also be a man whose personal loyalty I can depend upon. I have had bitter experience with men in my employ who failed me in a crisis. Some of them have been more loyal to my enemies than they have been to me. I have enemies; you know that. I am looking for a man who will help me in my fight with them.

"I would ask you to call on me in the city, but for many reasons I would prefer that nothing be said of my interview with you. As I find I must pass through Dixmont Tuesday afternoon of next week, suppose I drop in to see you?"

"It would not be a difficult matter to be loyal to Mr. Droster," Mr. Bertrand thought as he read the letter. "From what I have learned, I think he is a public-spirited citizen who is being attacked by men whose selfish projects have been injured by his large policies for the good of the people."

The editor arranged his work so as to be in the office of The Tribune on Tuesday afternoon. Tuesday morning he went to a town five miles distant, expecting to return at once.

But Mr. Droster changed his plans and reached Dixmont four hours earlier than the time fixed for the interview. "Bertrand will probably be on hand," he thought. "If not, it will not hurt me to spend a few hours in the town. It may help me to learn what his townsmen think of him as a newspaper man." So he did not wire Mr. Bertrand about the new hour for his arrival.

On reaching Dixmont Mr. Droster went to the hotel, and took his place among the half-dozen loafers who sat in the lobby. After listening to them for a time, he began to make cautious inquiries about the town. As he talked, one of the loungers went to the desk and read the name of the stranger as it appeared on the register: "H. M. Droster, Jacksonville." In accordance with his habit,

the guest had written the name of the city from which he had taken his journey, when travelling he seldom gave his home city as his address.

"You must be kin to H. M. Droster of Albay," the man said, after returning to his seat, when a pause in the conversation gave him his opportunity.

"What makes you think so?" was the noncommittal answer. Mr. Droster was accustomed to handling men.

"Oh, you look like him. Then your name is just like his, and I thought you were probably in the same family."

"The name is unusual, but I have heard of other Drosters," the man from Albay parried.

"I guess you are just as glad not to claim this particular Droster," the loungeer continued, with loquacious insistence. "They say that he is a peculiar man, to say the least. I wish I had a tenth of the money he has made the contractors give up to him—that is, if what half the papers say is true."

"What papers? What do they say?"

"Oh, there's The Albay Journal. We see it every day. I would hate to be in the shoes of that man. How the Albay people must hate him!"

"But what has he done?"

"Where have you been that you have not read about him? Why, everyone is talking about it. You ought to see a copy of Tuesday evening's paper. I don't know the exact date—it must have been two or three weeks ago. It had a cartoon that would make you laugh"

"Where can I get a copy? I should like to see it. Do they have it at the news stand?"

"No. But if you go over to The Tribune office, you will see the cartoon on the wall. Over there they were so tickled with it that they put it in their gallery, and have been showing it off to visitors."

"Indeed? Well, I may drop in at The Tribune office. I have to wait over a train here, and time hangs a little heavy. I think I will go for a walk now."

"What do you think of him? the clerk asked, after Mr. Droster had gone.

"Not much. He does not seem to know what is going on."

Mr. Droster did not go directly to The Tribune office. He walked aimlessly about the town, speaking to a man here and a man there, and learning some good things about Mr. Bertrand.

"If it were not for that story about Tuesday evening's nasty cartoon, I should feel that he is the man for me," the owner of the Argus thought. But I must look into that story."

He looked for the newspaper office, but failing to find it, he stopped a man on the street and asked for directions. The man whom he asked was Editor Doremus, of The Sun. He directed the stranger courteously, pointing out the stairway by which he was to reach the second floor of the building in which Mr. Bertrand had his office.

"Wonder what Doremus is pointing this way for?" Tom Nicholls said. "There is a man with him, some stranger. He can't be pointing us out for any good reason."

"Perhaps he is not pointing here," Mr. Arden said doubtfully. "Doremus does not seem to know we're on the map, till he has something to say against us in The Sun."

"But the man is coming this way!" Tom was leaning out of the window. "He is coming up our stairway. Wonder who he is and what he wants! He can't be coming for any good, or Doremus would not be taking such pains to show him the way."

In a moment the door of the editorial office opened. Mr. Roper left his case and went through the connecting door.

"Is Mr. Bertrand in? No? When will he be in? Not till two o'clock? Well, that is the hour I was to call. When I found I could come earlier, I hoped I might find him. Now I must wait. Have you any objection to my sitting here and looking over some of the exchanges?"

For a few minutes the stranger read. Then he came into the composing room. "May I look around?" he asked. "I have something to do with a newspaper myself, and I always like to see a printing office."

He had not gone far when he came face to face with the portion of the picture gallery above the proof press. He gave one glance, then reached up and tore Sartell's latest picture from its place and crumpled it into a ball.

The compositors were too startled to protest. Then the protests they were ready to speak were silenced by the stranger's words, spoken as he strode from the office.

"I see I have been mistaken in Mr. Bertrand. Please tell him that A. M. Droster says he is glad he has been saved from putting himself in the hands of a disloyal man."

Mr. Bertrand returned on the train which took Mr. Droster from Dixmont. He hurried to the office to keep his appointment, and was received with Mr. Roper's description of Mr. Droster's visit, and the message he was charged to deliver.

As Mr. Bertrand listened he picked up the discarded mass of paper and unrolled it hastily. "Who put this up?" he asked sharply.

"I did," Sartell said, "but I had no idea it meant anything in particular. I merely thought it was a good picture to fill the empty space on the wall."

"But how did Mr. Droster know it was here?" the editor continued his catechism.

"Mr. Doremus must have told him" Tom volunteered. I saw them talking together before Mr. Droster came up the stairs. He pointed to the office. Mr. Droster went right to the cartoon as if he knew what to expect."

"Another of that editor's tricks," Mr. Bertrand said in a rage. "Just wait till I get a chance at him!"



## VALEDICTORY

HARRY FARMER.

After two years of work on the Observer, I now find it necessary to lay down my pen, and leave the magazine in the hands of my successor. In the regular course of events, my turn has come for a visit to the United States, and I give up the Observer reluctantly. It has been my privilege during the past two years to make the acquaintance of many thousands of young people throughout the Islands, whose faces I have never seen and may never see. But there is a friendship in this world which does not consist of the mere clasping of hands or the looking into faces; it is the friendship of the intellect and the heart. I have been talking to you more than you have been talking to me. Your name has been on the subscription list; sometimes, I have had a letter of appreciation, or an original production. But I have known that, north and south, in large pueblos and distant barrios, there have been young men and women reading the pages of the Observer, and through

it securing a glimpse of the outside world. I have tried to make the Observer a messenger of inspiration to the growing and developing life of the Filipino youth. If I have used my opportunity well, I am amply repaid. If I have failed, it will be the regret of my life. I have large hope for the future of the Philippine Islands, because I have faith in the young people who are trying to find themselves through education of mind and heart, and through association with the best men, living and dead, that the world has produced. It is also encouraging to know that many are reaching out beyond the confines of earth, and through the intermediary of the Bible and the Church, are able to become personally acquainted with The Christ and by his power become members of the family of our Heavenly Father. I will be thinking of you and will do what I can to make the Observer a more effective instrument in aiding in high thinking and right living.

## PLAY AND WORK

I cannot walk up this hill," said the little boy. "I cannot possibly do it. What will become of me? I must stay here all my life, at the foot of the hill; it is too terrible!"

"That is a pity," said his sister. "But look, little boy; I have found such a pleasant thing to play. Take a step and see how clear a footprint you can make in the dust. Look at mine; every single line in my foot is printed clear. Now, do you try, and see if you can do as well."

The little boy took a step.

"Mine is just as clear," he said.

"Do you think so?" said his sister. "See mine, again here. I tread harder than you, because I am heavier, and so the print is deeper. Try again."

"Now mine is just as deep!" cried the little boy. "See! Here, and here, and here, they are just deep as they can be."

"Yes, that is very well," said his sister; "but now it is my turn; let me try again, and we shall see."

They kept on, step by step, matching their footprints, and laughing to see the gray dust puff up between their bare toes. By and by the little boy looked up.

"Why," he said; "we are at the top of the hill."

"Dear me!" said his sister; "so we are!"

*Laura E. Richards.*

✽

## "THE ABUSES OF THE COCKPIT"

BY JOSE D. ROSAL.

To the Filipino, cockfighting is as universally known as baseball is to the American. This legalized form of gambling was known to the Filipinos before the coming of the Spaniards; it has been in existence in the islands for centuries. Despite the fact that more and more games are being introduced into the public schools to divert attention this costly, shameful sport continues.

In the first place, the cockfighting business is an inexcusable cruelty. On Sundays and holidays, when the cockpit is opened the procession of the cockfighters begins. Under the gamester's elbow rests

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his cock ready for the shocking engagement. How unfortunate are the innocent cocks! In the soft touch of the morning air they are brought to the arena. How hard-hearted are these gamesters flocking around to see two innocent creatures trying to kill each other with the destructive spur. Had these professional gamblers sympathizing hearts they would never venture to engage their cocks in the deadly duel.

Usually the cockpit is an insanitary place. Why? Because the proprietor selects the site not from a sanitary point of view but from the standpoint of its accessibility. In towns where cockpits are established they are always located by the wayside so that the gamesters can easily get into them. The cockpit affords a good place for germs to live in. In epidemics, cholera specially, the cockpit does very much in the spread of the germs. At such times, hundreds of people gather in the cockpit. All of these do not necessarily gamble. Some come to buy and sell goods. Perchance somebody came from a house where a person died of cholera; because he is afraid of the quarantine he escapes into the cockpit, and the germs are freed.

In several towns of the different provinces two cockpits are erected; one cockpit is not large enough to accommodate the gamesters from different localities. In several towns many women are professional cockfighters. In some towns more



women cockfighters than men are found. Even small boys learn to bet in the game.

Then there is the cost of the game. The professional gamester usually trains his cocks. But if he is unwilling to be scorned at by his fellow-people he will have to hire someone to do this work for him. No one will oppose me when I say that the game costs money, time and labor. At early morn, before his family awakes, the cock-trainer is seen taking his friend from his cage. He bathes him and gives him a good flying exercise; he does everything he can to strengthen him. Usually he loafes around to meet his fellow-gamesters in order to test the ability of his cock. Then if he gets tired he goes home. On his arrival he takes another cock and exercises him. He does this every day, morning and afternoon, because of this he cares little for his family. This is specially true, when he has about ten cocks to care for. I think I am safe in saying these professionals attend to their cocks ten time more than they do to their children. But is this all? Every day the cockfighter spends money for threshed rice or corn to feed his cocks; this is an additional expense. When the time comes for the cockfighter to bring his cock to the cockpit for engagement he usually bets a big sum of money. Perhaps it is on a Sunday morning that he leaves his house and family with a heavy pocket. Late in the afternoon he comes back with an empty purse. How unfortunate is the family of such a man!

Sometimes human life is at a risk in the cockpit. A professional cockfighter died in one cockpit last year. He was with the judge and some other cockfighters on the raised platform where the cocks were fighting. While he was watching the fighting cocks, one of the cocks was driven to the place where he was standing. He tried to step aside but when he lifted his foot the deadly spur of the cock cut the muscle of one of his legs. His companions tried to stop his bleeding, but the wound was so deep that the big artery was cut and he died in a short while.

The local government receives some revenue from the cockpit but it does

much more harm than good to the people. Then why not do away with the shameful cockfighting business and give one's attention to school athletics, baseball, and the economic needs of our people. The Philippines need expert farmers to raise the standard of our agriculture, professional men, as engineers, doctors, etc., to uplift our standing among the world powers. We do not need, in the least, professional cockfighters, who from every standpoint, degrade the Filipino people.

## DO YOU KNOW?

There were 1,234 forest fires in California last season.

One-sixth of the area of Finland is covered with lakes.

All forms of political organizations are forbidden by law in Hungary.

It is estimated that the war expense of Great Britain amounts to a million dollars an hour.

General Bramwell Booth reports that there are 40,000 members of the Salvation Army in the British army.

The pay of private soldiers in the German army is thirty pfennigs, equal to seven and a half cents, a day.

A Swiss military statistician calculates that the total losses in killed in the present war amount to 5,000,000.

The new Chinese Minister at Washington, Mr. V. K. Wellington Koo, when a student in this country in 1904, made a public profession of faith in Christ.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union members at Cincinnati have begun a campaign against the use of the picture of the devil in advertising matter.

The profits of the Krupp gun works in Germany for the past year amounted to \$21,500,000, which would permit the payment of a dividend of twenty-four per cent.

The Y. M. C. A. building in Brooklyn, dedicated October 31, in the largest Association building in the world. It is thirteen stories high and cost exclusive of the ground, \$1,100,000.

During the past year 1,468 students were enrolled in the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. They represented thirty different denominations, forty-one States, and thirty-one foreign countries.

The Capitol at Washington has just been given its annual bath. A fire engine was taken to the Capitol grounds and all day played a stream of water against the marble and sandstone walls to remove the dust of summer.

The State Department at Washington has received official word that the Senate

of Haiti has approved the treaty with the United States providing for a virtual American protectorate over the country. The vote was 26 to 7.

The government pays approximately \$2,000,000 yearly for twine to tie mail matter, and the economy of some thirty postmasters in saving for second use pieces of twine received around incoming mail has been commended by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General.

On November 1 the decree of President Menocal declaring illegal the circulation in Cuba of any but Cuban and American money went into effect. In anticipation of this decree foreign coins have already disappeared almost entirely from circulation. Recently a large amount of Cuban silver and gold has been placed in circulation and declared to be official money on par with American currency, and this and American money will henceforth be the only currency recognized in Cuba.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPPLIES

We have received a limited number of **picture rolls** and **picture cards**, to be used in connection with lessons from January to July, 1916.

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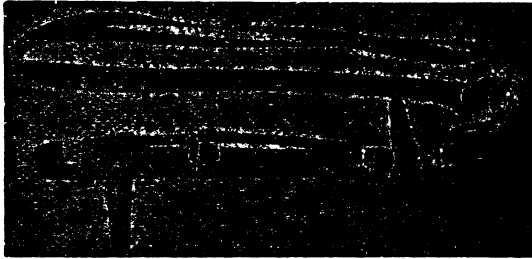
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Each picture roll contains 13 large pictures for one quarter's lessons. At the end of the quarter these large pictures could be sold by the Sunday School to different members for 10 centavos each, thus more than covering the original cost of the picture roll.

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will be sent properly packed, to your address,  
post paid for only ₱9.00.

Bowl is 8 inches high and quadruple silver plate.  
Spoons are flower pattern of solid nickel silver.

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**H. E. HEACOCK CO.**

MANILA, P. I.